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Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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The American Seamen's Friend Society

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SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Star of the Sea

Star of the dreaming waters,
Flower of the flying foam,
A cairn shall be our altar,
A rock shall be our home!
Star of the sea, we love thee;
From thee a glory gleams,
The candles of our worship,
The requiem of dreams.

The blue, blue sea comes rippling
Around the shore at play,
The smile of a white spirit
Is on the rocks today!
The phantom flowers are fairer
Than any flowers of earth,
And on the golden ledges
Fair hymns may have their birth!

The gulls sleep on the billows,
They wake to call and cry;
The waves of light roll out and out
To meet the boundless sky!
Soul of the shining waters,
Flower of the flying foam,
Our souls have found an altar,
Our hearts have found a home!

—ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS in *The Congregationalist*.

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GEORGE SIDNEY WEBSTER

Editor

WILLIAM ELLING

Assistant Editor

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SEPTEMBER

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Editorial**The Friendly Face**

Institutions and organizations develop personalities quite akin to that achieved by humans. We often judge people by their faces. Some repel, others attract, according as character shines out in voice and feature. We study the faces of men and women who have contributed to the world's betterment and reproduce them for inspiration and guidance. Just now the calm, dignified face of the Father of our Country is seen all over our land. The personality of the first great American is being studied and brought to our attention with a view to making us better Americans. What Washington said and did is becoming familiar to even the school children. We have bridged the two hundred years to make the present generation acquainted with the man who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." With a similar purpose there has been sketched the one hundred and more years of The American Seamen's Friend Society. From this sketch emerges the personality of a friendly face that has brought blessing to thousands of seafaring folk. Some of the ways by which this was accomplished are recorded in "The Seamen's Friend," a book written by the Secretary who has served the Society for nearly eighteen years. The famous radio preacher of "The Friendly Hour," Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, has written for it an introduction which will quicken the pulse of every lover of the sea and of the men and boys who sail its trackless waters. When this reaches you, it is expected the book will be off the Scribner Press and ready for distribution, but not through the regular book trade. A special limited edition, fully illustrated, bound in leather and gilt-edged, autographed by the author and neatly

boxed, will be sent postpaid for Five Dollars. Subscriptions and checks or money orders should be mailed to The American Seamen's Friend Society, 72 Wall Street, New York City. Subscribers to the book will receive the monthly *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for one year.

Our Loyal Friends

It is reported that a famous person when asked the secret of his success replied, "I had a friend." In these trying days of unemployment and decreased incomes the word friend takes on new significance. The Society which has ministered to seafaring folk all over the world for more than a century with an emphasis on the word *Friend* in its title could not have accomplished so much were it not for the gifts and legacies of its friends far and near. We who are in the office and have first-hand contact with the seamen who are being helped wish to convey to our friends who respond to our appeals grateful thanks and hearty appreciation of these men of the sea. Recently a seaman testified in our office to the great good that had come to him from reading a Bible that had been given him by one of our staff. Others return to tell us of their joy when they were able to get a job at sea because of decent clothing we had furnished. Elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine are a few samples of the hundreds of letters we are receiving regarding the value of the loan libraries. The Superintendents of our affiliated and cooperating stations often write us of their appreciation of our help; travelers who visit our stations abroad bring us personal news of the good work that they have inspected. We pass on to our loyal friends these appreciations because they rightfully belong, not to us, but to you who make possible our world-wide welfare service.

Genoa, Italy

Superintendent Rev. R. P. R. Anderson reports as follows: "The Sailors' Rest is our hearth and home today as it has been for forty years. During the day, to be sure, the place is quiet, for all hands are hard at work aboard their ships discharging or loading cargo. In the evenings The Rest comes into its own and hums with life. It is a solid, four-square building in a commanding position on the harbour front and is well equipped as a modern Institute. There are an officers' reading room and a men's reading room, each possessing its billiard-table. There are facilities ample and much in use for reading and writing and various games. There is a lovely hall for

Services and concerts, easily adaptable for its varied uses and seemly always in the several parts it plays. Week in, week out, the round goes on: regular ship-visiting; a welcome on the threshold; Services, concerts, counsel sought and given, good literature supplied to outgoing ships, and the thousand and one activities of a Mission based on earnest Christian faith and founded for the good of our English-speaking sailors in a foreign port. Men of other nationalities we do not attempt to reach. More and more their own people are caring for them. Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany and Holland each has its own Mission to its own sons in Genoa, and with them all we have the most harmonious relationships. The Consul General for Denmark, for instance, is a good friend of our work and shares with the Consuls General of Great Britain and the United States of America a keen personal interest in all we try to do. We are the official representatives of those two world-wide societies, The British Sailors' Society and The American Seamen's Friend Society. Both support us handsomely, and we figure in their official list of stations. In return we try to carry out their fine ideals faithfully and are always mindful that we are their ambassadors. Both of them are over one hundred years of age, and, if I may say so, both are in the sparkling vigour of youth. It is indeed an honour to hold a mandate from them."

Leghorn, Italy

Superintendent Joseph G. Welsby reports as follows: "We have had a great many passengers this year on board American ships calling for a few hours at our port and so we have had the opportunity of helping them when they come to the Institute for information regarding Florence and Pisa, and my wife has helped them in shopping. During the month of August we had a visit of a very large American yacht. Most of the boys came to the Institute every day and enjoyed themselves at billiards and table tennis. I also helped them in their sightseeing trips. Church Services have been held regularly and very well attended by our seafaring friends. I never tire of sounding their praises for the splendid way they turn out to Church. I am glad to report that several American and British ladies have formed themselves into a committee and are doing their utmost in Florence to interest their friends in our Institute in Leghorn. My committee join with me in thanking The American Seamen's Friend Society for their continued support. We are proud to be affiliated with them."

Our Cape Horn Venture

We both saw her at the same time! Through the fog and drizzling rain she was very indistinct, but there could be no mistaking those tall, tapering masts with the crossed yards. Crowding past the stevedores knocking off work for the day, we got out on the quay. There she was. Above the scaffold slung across her stern we read the newly-painted name, *Abraham Rydberg—Stockholm*.

"Sold to Sweden," "Sailing to-morrow," "Falmouth by way of Cape Horn," "First sailing ship in fifteen years," "Barley," "Swedes," "Cadets," "Hellships"—all this snapped at us from men in a hurry to get home to their suppers.

With the same idea, we both bolted for the gangway. We had no clear notion of what we were doing or could do—only the idea that we wanted to go along. We fully expected a hard-bitten old sea captain to throw us off his ship for suggesting that a young couple should accompany him on a voyage around the Horn—a sixteen-thousand-mile sea voyage.

But the captain was neither old nor hard-bitten. He smiled, doubtless thinking we were a little mad, but was still willing to listen to us. It became necessary to formulate more definite ideas. He looked dubiously at Jane. I explained quickly that Jane was the right sort, that together we had sailed our own small schooner on an eight-thousand-mile voyage from New York to the West Indies and through the Panama Canal—that we had an idea of the fancied hardships of long voyages.

Well, yes, there was a spare cabin that might be fixed up for us; it was full of life-belts—they could be put in the after-peak. It was all arranged, then. We were going!

In the Swedish Consul's office, Jane signed the ship's articles as stewardess, and I was given the imposing title of quartermaster, perhaps because I had a sextant and possibly could use it. Strangely enough, we both received the same wage—a shilling a month.

The tug gave three long blasts of her whistle and headed back for the Golden Gate. At last we had severed every connection with the shore and were at sea. At sea, and bound around the Horn in a wind-jammer. And to think that, less than a week before, Jane and I had been driving disconsolately along the waterfront, bemoaning the fact that romance and adventure had completely fled from our lives.

We stood by the taffrail watching San Francisco fade out astern in the last glow of the early January sunset. The last yard had been mast-headed, the last sail sheeted home, and, as the ship heeled slightly to the gentle north-west breeze, a great sense of quiet and well-being settled over our little world—a world so far apart and so different from the one we had just left.

The *Abraham Rydberg* is a four-masted steel barque of 2,100 tons, built in Glasgow in 1892 as the *Hawaiian Isles*. Later she was sold to the Alaska Packers and became the *Star of Greenland*. Under their flag she made annual trips from San Francisco to Alaska with crews and material for the canneries, returning at the end of the season loaded with tinned salmon.

The Abraham Rydberg Foundation of Stockholm is an institution whose purpose is the training of officers for the Swedish Merchant Service. To obtain a Swedish officer's certificate it is necessary to have spent at least a year in sail. The *Abraham Rydberg* will be operated as a cadet cargo ship, and will probably make annual trips to Australia with lumber, returning with grain. Her crew of cadets will thus be able to get the best training possible to fit them for officers.

One of the finest sights in the world is a big sailing ship in the Trades. The wind blows steady and true from the same quarter. Not a brace nor a sheet is touched. The ship reels off mile after mile through the indigo-blue water. And through the warm, starlit nights she still rushes on, with only the wash of the wake and the low crooning of the wind in the rigging to remind you that you are at sea.

But sooner or later you must lose the Trades. In the doldrums in the South Pacific we stuck in oily calm for days. In that calm we got a heavy swell from the south-west that rolled us unmercifully. With not a breath of wind in the sails to steady the ship, she rolled down until water came pouring in over the bulwarks, first on one side, and then on the other. As the ship hesitated at the end of a particularly heavy roll I found myself wondering if she would come up again.

Sleep that night was impossible. Doubled up like a jackknife in my berth I slid back and forth, back and forth. All through the night terrifying crashes could be heard following the larger rolls, as the contents of the galley, pantry or store-room broke adrift and smashed. In the middle watch what sounded like the grandfather of

all lesser crashes occurred. From the galley it came again. Surely the two-ton stove was adrift. The steward, unlocking the galley, found the stove in place, but rescued the heavy anvil which he had been using to press a new cheese.

To a steamship passenger, "making the land" is a delightful experience. New vistas open up; then the anticipated port; or perhaps a joyous home-coming. But to us on board the *Abraham Rydberg*, "making the land" near Cape Horn on that black night with a howling westerly gale astern (for the wind had come), was anything but delightful. For two months we had had no check to our chronometer, and we had had no sight that day. So our position was doubtful. Somewhere in the darkness ahead lay the bleak, desolate, unlighted coast. According to our calculations, by midnight we should sight Ildefonso, three low rocky islets lying off the coast.

Coming on deck from the lighted cabin, it was some time before I could see anything. Under shortened canvas the ship was bowling along before the heavy westerly wind. Time after time the hand-log was hove. Through the inky blackness we squinted into the gale. Eight bells struck. Then one. Then two. And still nothing rewarded our straining eyes but empty sea.

At last, between the wind-driven blackness of the clouds and the mobile blackness of the sea, appeared three shapes of a still, constant blackness—Ildefonso.

Before daybreak, wind and sea had abated. To the northward Mount Darwin and the high, snow-covered range of mountains caught the first rays of sun. Directly ahead the sun rose behind Cape Horn, silhouetting the huge rock against the blue and gold of the eastern sky.

With a fair light wind and smooth sea, we set our royals and ran in close for the Cape—so close that we could hear the surf breaking at its base, and see the moss growing on the rocks!

So this was the dreaded Cape Stiff, the graveyard of ships. In all the accounts I had ever read or heard, Cape Horn was always in a terrific mood. I had never heard of anyone sailing around the Horn who admitted anything but the worst, for fear of belittling his own experience, I suppose. I had always been awed in the face of these accounts, but still could not help wondering if once in a while a ship did not slip past without being dismasted or losing a whole watch overboard. And here we could have sailed a six-metre boat past the

Horn in comfort! I felt sure that I had exploded another popular hoax.

But such smug thoughts were soon dispelled. By midnight we could almost see the barometer hand moving downward. At two in the morning the wind suddenly shifted eight points, and it came on to blow hard from the south-west. Violent squalls brought sleet and snow, dry, powdery snow that was blown away as soon as it touched the deck.

The sun did not rise for us that day. Only a dull light glowed through a greenish sky slightly lighter than the slate-green of the sea. The royals were handed and the staysails taken in, and we scudded along before the increasing wind and sea. The lowering sky seemed to hem us in and to be closing down upon us.

A huge black mass of clouds gathered astern and rolled toward us, lashing the water white before it, bringing driving sleet and a whole gale. At the first onslaught the fore-topgallant sail gave its warning report and blew away to leeward in small tattered ribbons. The started main top-gallant sheet cracked once and the sail split from head to foot before it could be clewed up. The mizzen topgallant sail was got in whole. Then the courses were handed. It was long and hard work for all hands.

The two men on the mizzen top-gallant yard were having a hard time getting the sail in the gaskets; so I went aloft to help, or at least give the appearance of three men on the yard. With the yard describing great arcs in the sky as the ship yawed and plunged, and with the wildly driven hail and sleet stinging my face, I spent the best of my energy holding on for dear life to the jackstay. One of the buntlines had carried away and the great bulk of stiff, heavy canvas that it should have hauled up to the yard had to be got up by hand. Time and time again we got it all on the yard, only to have it torn from our grasp by the howling gale before we could secure it. Far below us, seas crashed over the ship, which looked ridiculously small to be supporting the enormous sail we were struggling with.

I got back on deck just in time to see an enormous greyback come hissing and curling over the side with such force that it seemed to engulf the whole ship. Nothing could be seen for some minutes as the sea flooded the decks, flinging spray as high as the lower yards. That wave stove in the port life-boat and flooded the forecastle and galley. This was what I had brought my camera for, so from then

on, for several hours, I stationed myself at the break of the poop to get the good ship disappearing beneath the waves. But not another one boarded us worth clicking the shutter for. I believe that the captain thought more of my camera's powers than he did of the oil bag slung over the bow!

No sooner had I given up and taken the camera below, than with a roar the greatest comber of them all broke over the forward end of the poop. The skipper saw it coming and sung out to the men at the main braces. They jumped for the life-line in time as the deck filled—all of them except Hans. He was too late. Helpless before the force of the rushing waters, he was swept across the deck toward the open freeing port. We could see his hands, reaching out as he disappeared from sight. The deck cleared; and there was Hans, half-way out through the port, but with a big handful of the lee braces.

* * * * *

Eighty days out and then the cry of "Sail Ho!" brought all hands tumbling on deck. The strange ship altered her course to bear down on us. Slowly we drew together. She was another four-masted barque, white. The Belgian flag broke out from her gaff. And below, painted on the spanker, we read "Antwerpen." She was the Belgian training ship *L'Avenir*, and a handsome and well-kept ship.

When she was close abeam, we backed our main yards and lost way. She drifted slowly across our counter within easy hailing distance.

"Antwerp for Buenos Aires. Thirty days out from the Channel," she reported. "Strong winds in the North Atlantic."

"San Francisco for Dublin around Cape Horn. Eighty days out. Can you report us?"

"We will report you to-night by wireless. Do you need any tobacco or stores?"

"Thank you, no. We have plenty of everything."

"Have you any sick people aboard? We have a doctor!"

"No, thanks. All well."

We were in luck to meet a sailing ship with wireless. This was the only time during the voyage that we were reported until off the Irish Coast. We signalled a number of steamers, but they were all in too big a hurry to trouble about a wind-jammer—their time was too valuable.

After an exchange of pleasantries and a cheer from each ship, we fell off on our course. *L'Avenir* was a beautiful sight as she filled away and slowly disappeared over the horizon.

In the old days it was common enough for ships to meet and speak one another near the Line, where all the sailing routes converge. But now it is increasingly rare, and we realized that we might never meet another sailing ship at sea. As we watched her out of sight we felt that we were losing something that nothing could bring back.

Six weeks later we had the same feeling of irreparable loss, in a far greater degree, as we stood on the deck of a steamer leaving Dublin, watching our own ship disappear in the mists of the harbour.

—BEN AMES in *The Blue Peter*.

Gloucester Memorial Service

The annual service in memory of lost seamen held August 7, 1932 was reported in *The New York Times* as follows:

They have stood their last watch, the thirty mariners Gloucester honored today, whose graves in uncharted ocean grottos are marked only by the racing whitecaps.

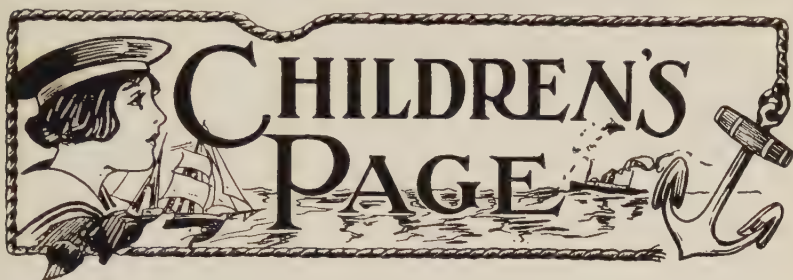
They are the men who did not come home from the fishing banks during the past year, for whom the bell buoys toll a lonely Requiem as they sleep in their seaweed shrouds.

Thirty times a name was told as sprays of sweet, bright-hued flowers were cast from Blynman's Bridge, where the Ipswich River meets the sea. Thirty times a prayer was spoken as the tide bore the tributes out on the bosom of the Atlantic.

Six of the names called were added to the roll when the steamer *Gypsum Prince* bore down on the schooner *Edith and Elinor* as fog hid the Bay of Fundy. When the Belgian steamer *Jean Jadot* cut the schooner *Eleanor Nickerson* in two out on the Banks last February, twenty-one other names joined the roster.

As the last of the individual tribute floated away, a shower of blooms fell on the tide "in memory of all the seamen who through all the years have found a last resting place in the waters that wash every shore."

Chaplain George E. Russell of the Fishermen's Institute believes that mothers, wives and sweethearts have kept tearful and vain vigil for no fewer than 8,000 of the men who have manned the fishing fleets since the Gloucester settlement was established.



God's Time at Sea

UNCLE DAN

"How did you enjoy your vacation, Uncle Dan?" asked his nephew Sam when Uncle returned to the city after a six weeks' stay at his old home in the country.

I had a good quiet time, and using the word "time" reminds me that I wish we had a Federal law governing our time so that it would be the same all over the country. As it is now, from April to September some places have standard time and some daylight saving, which is an hour faster. In New York State, for example, the towns and cities are allowed to regulate the time they choose. New York City and several of the larger cities in the State have daylight saving, but many smaller cities and towns prefer standard time. In fact, I know a village where two Churches hold their services an hour apart on Sunday, each advertising half after ten o'clock in the morning.

"Why was that, Uncle?"

Because the members of one Church were mostly farmers and preferred standard time—as some of them call it, "God's time."

"Was it really "God's time?"

No, it had been used so long that the farmers had accustomed their work to it and, as they said, the cows had also formed the habit of a set milking time and it was not easy for them to change. The farmers who attended that Church insisted that the service should be held on standard time.

"What about the other Church, Uncle?"

The members lived mostly in the village which adopted daylight-saving time, so their Church service was held by that, which brought them really an hour apart.

"You said, Uncle, that you wished there was a Federal law about the time. Why do you want that?"

Mostly to prevent mistakes and confusion, especially for those who travel on the railroads. You know that time is the measure of the passing of the sun's rays as the earth revolves. We call the time of one complete revolution twenty-four hours or one day. As the earth turns from west to east, all places to the east of it have faster time than we have and all places to the west slower. When I was a boy there was great confusion about the railroad time tables, because we did not have the present standard time, which is now fixed by Federal law for the United States. In 1883 the present zone system was adopted in order to give the railroads uniform time.

"What is the zone system and how does that help?"

There are four zones in the United States. Beginning at the Atlantic Coast and working westward they are called the Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific, and they are exactly one hour apart. The exact sun time, however, is only at the center of each of these zones.

"Do they have zones like that on the ocean also, Uncle?"

No, the time on shipboard is changed every day. When the sun is exactly overhead or, as they say, on the meridian, the captain or navigating officer takes an observation with an instrument called a sextant, and from that observation he can figure out by mathematics exactly where the ship is on the ocean. That is, he finds its latitude and longitude. The ship's clock is set accordingly at noon, so that at that moment it is exactly sun time. Taking this observation is called "shooting the sun," and every one who navigates a vessel must know as much mathematics as to be able to figure out where he is on the trackless sea. In the picture you see the captain of a schooner "shooting the sun" in the same way the officers do on the big liners. We passengers change our watches every day when at sea. If we go east we put them ahead; if we go west we put them back. When we have put them back the whole twenty-four hours we lose a day from the calendar.

"That is funny, Uncle. How do you keep your diary straight?"

I recall when we went around the world some twenty years ago we lost a day in the Pacific ocean.

"If you went the other way, would you gain a day, Uncle?"

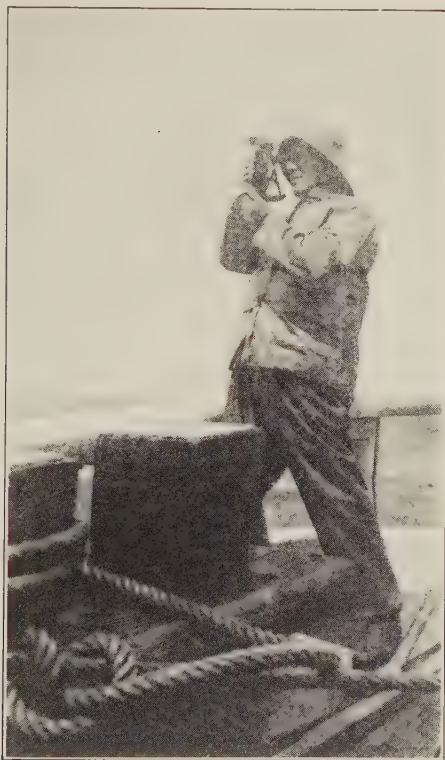
"Yes, we would have to put an extra leaf in our diary and give the same date for two days. Do you like mathematics?"

"Yes, I like them better than any of my studies. Why do you ask me that question?"

Because, if you go on through college, you may have a chance to study navigation. If you do, by all means take it; it may help you to enjoy your trips when you travel abroad, and, also, it may be of great use in some emergency.

"How is that? I don't expect to be a sailor."

Let me tell you a little incident about a college friend of mine. He told me this story a few years ago. He said that he had sailed



from Australia in a freight ship bound for San Francisco. When they were about half across the Pacific Ocean, the captain and the mate were taken sick and died. None of the crew understood navigation. Not one of them could even "shoot the sun." They were all in danger of losing their lives. To save them and bring the ship safely to port my friend recalled enough of his college drill in higher mathematics to enable him to take observations and keep the ship on her course, and brought them without accident to San Francisco. We never know when something we have learned may be of use.

"Thank you, Uncle, I will try and remember that, if I go to college, You said that the farmers called the standard time that they liked God's time. I should think that the sailor might call the ship's time God's time, as it is nearer right with the sun than either our standard or daylight-saving time."

Good for you, my lad; suppose we pass along that idea to our friends, both on land and sea.

Seamen's House

The Seamen's House, opposite the Chelsea piers, is the latest and most modern hotel and club for seamen in the port of New York. Opened under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, it expresses the belief of the Board of the kind of building best adapted to meet the needs of the resident and visiting seamen in the port. This work incorporates and continues that which had been previously carried on by three societies: The Sailors' Home and Institute, which was under the management of the American Seamen's Friend Society; The Seamen's Christian Association and the Merchant Seamen's Branch of the Y. M. C. A.

Seamen's House is a beautiful and useful hotel with over two hundred and fifty rooms. It is also a church of the sea for within this building is the Pell Memorial Chapel where services are held regularly for seamen and staff members.

All of the societies mentioned cooperated with the New York Bible Society in the distribution of copies of the Scripture among the men of the merchant marine, and Seamen's House continues this good work not because it is heir to a great tradition but because the demand for the Scriptures from the seamen is too insistent to be ignored. Seamen in hospitals receive the Scriptures most gratefully.

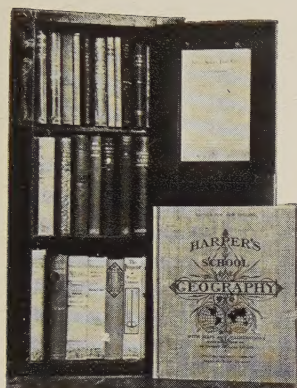
The Y. M. C. A. holds that all service rendered to man can be religious. Hence, it is not surprising that the Scriptures given with other literature equal that which is given from the Chaplain's office, and good men have been instruments in the distribution of the Scriptures in most unobtrusive but most effective ways.

We are exceedingly grateful to the New York Bible Society for its generous cooperation with Seamen's House. Each of our two hundred and fifty rooms has a copy of the Bible given by the Society, and we take this opportunity to thank their colporteurs on the waterfront for friendly acts done for the men of the merchant marine.

—REV. JAMES C. HEALEY, in *The Bible in New York*.

Loan Libraries

WILLIAM ELLING



During July, 1932, thirty loan libraries were sent to sea. Of these ten were new and twenty refitted and reshipped as good as new. The new libraries were numbers 13,568-13,577.

The twenty libraries reshipped were:

12,897	13,308	13,409	13,526
13,071	13,327	13,466	13,528
13,150	13,334	13,487	13,536
13,207	13,375	13,495	13,537
13,297	13,390	13,502	13,538

No 13,071, sent to sea in November, 1927, by Frederick K. Day of Elizabeth,

N. J., has made six voyages on different vessels: first, on the *Caracas*, of Wilmington, Del., bound for Maracaibo, Venezuela, Capt. Hickborn, with eighty-seven men in the crew; second, on the *Tachira* of Wilmington, Del., bound for ports in Venezuela, S. A., Capt. Johnson, with twenty-nine men in the crew; third, on the steamship *Corson* of New York, bound for Naples, Italy, Capt. Thorwall, with thirty-seven men in the crew; fourth on the steamship *Patterson* of U. S. Coast Guard, bound for Cruising, Capt. Rose with sixty-four men in the crew; fifth, on the steamship *Collamer* of Philadelphia, Pa., bound for Bordeaux, France, Capt. Wollaston, with thirty-six men in the crew; sixth, on the steamship *American Banker* of New York, bound for London, Eng., Capt. Pedersen with sixty-nine men in the crew, and is now on the steamship *Ponce*, of New York, bound for San Juan, P. R., Capt. McNeill and forty-five men in the crew.

No. 13,327, sent to sea in March, 1930, by Mrs. Warner Jones, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in memory of Benjamin J. Warner and known as the "Benjamin J. Warner Memorial Library," on steamship *Ohioan* of New York, bound for Portland, Ore., Capt. Read, with forty-one men in the crew; it was returned in April, 1931 and reshipped on the steamship *Georgian* of New York, bound for San Francisco, Calif., etc., Capt. Hansen with forty-eight men in the crew, and is now on the

steamship *West Cawthorn* of New York, bound for Beiro, Portuguese East Africa, Capt. Schmidt and thirty-eight men in the crew.

In August, 1930, Miss Julia Copp of Groton, Conn., sent to sea No. 13,375, in memory of her brother "Belton A. Copp," on the steamship *Steel Scientist* of New York, bound for Dutch East Indies, Capt. Fitzsimons, with thirty-eight men in the crew; it was returned in December, 1930 and reshipped on the steamship *Birmingham City* of New York, bound for San Diego, Calif., Seattle, Wash., and London, Eng., Capt. Davis with thirty-four men in the crew, and is now on the U. S. S. *Tiger* of U. S. Coast Guard, patrolling the Atlantic Coast, Capt. Waters and twenty-one men in the crew.

The chief steward of the steamship *Pipestone County*, writes of No. 13,222: "I take this means to express on behalf of the crew and officers of this vessel our sincere appreciation and thankfulness for the wonderful and instructive books that are placed on board every trip for our benefit and use by the Society, and I assure you that we take a great interest in these books and appreciate the service greatly."

The chief officer of the steamship *President Wilson* writes of No. 13,317: "On behalf of the personnel of this vessel, please accept our thanks for your continued work in placing on board an abundant supply of reading material. Your selection of literature has always met with favorable approval and has served a useful purpose, both educational and for entertainment. Convey to the donors of your book chests our thanks and appreciation."

The fourth officer of the steamship *President Pierce*, writes of No. 13,441: "On behalf of the officers and crew of this steamer I want to thank you and compliment you on the service you are doing for the American Merchant Marine. Sailors on routes such as ours, around the world, often do not see land for several weeks at a time on the longer jumps, and practically the only form of recreation possible is reading. Their association is limited entirely to themselves; day after day the same faces, the same talk, the same routine. To north, to south, to east, to west: they see—water. Only certain odds and ends of even the deck space are free to their use, and these are never large enough to be used extensively for games, etc. It isn't difficult therefore to imagine what a companion and what a Godsend a book is to a sailor. We want to especially thank you for the splendid quality of the books we have been receiving and for your thoughtfulness in seeing that we are each voyage supplied."

The American Seamen's Friend Society

AFFILIATED AND COOPERATING SOCIETIES IN HOME AND FOREIGN PORTS

Seamen's House, 550 West 20th Street, New York City, George F. Robinson, Executive Secretary, S. M. Cowles, Business Secretary, Rev. James C. Healey, Chaplain, Stafford Wright, Employment Secretary.

Fishermen's Institute, 8 Duncan St., Gloucester, Mass., Rev. George E. Russell, Chaplain.

Seamen's Rest, Newport News, Va., William Falconer, Supt.

Seamen's Bethel and Institute, 204 West Bute St., Norfolk, Va., Thomas E. Gould, Manager.

Seamen's Bethel, 2218 St. Thomas St., New Orleans, La., Captain William Lamb, Supt.

Adoue Seamen's Bethel, Galveston, Texas, Rev. J. F. Sarnier, Chaplain.

Upper Canada Tract Society, 128 University Ave., Toronto, Canada, George M. Speedie, Supt.

Salvation Army Sailors' Home, Rua Saccadura Cabral 233, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Rev. H. C. Tucker, D.D.

Sailors' Home and Mission, Ituzaingo 1522, Montevideo, Uruguay, Major Wilson, Supt.

Victoria Sailors' Home, Independencia 20, Buenos Aires, Argentine, P. J. Wyatt, Supt.

Sailors' Rest, 16 via Milano, Genoa, Italy, Rev. R. P. R. Anderson, Supt.

Seamen's Institute, 1 via Fiume, Leghorn, Italy, Joseph G. Welsby, Supt.

Sailors' Rest, via Marina Nuova 47, Naples, Italy, A. R. Messam, Port Missionary.

Mariners' Institute, 21 Avenue d'Italie, Antwerp, Belgium, Rev. Stanley Parker, Chaplain.

Sailors' Rest, 18 Rua Roberto Ivens, Funchal, Madeira, Rev. William George Smart, Supt.

Seamen's Home, 26 Oura, Nagasaki, Japan, James A. McAlpine, Manager.

The American Seamen's Friend Society is also associated for work in Foreign Ports with the British Sailors' Society, 680 Commercial Road, London, E. 14, England, Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.

Contributions and legacies in support of the affiliated work, and to aid shipwrecked, destitute and unemployed seamen and to place on vessels Loan Libraries for seamen at sea (\$25.00) ARE GREATLY NEEDED.

Checks payable to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY may be mailed to CLARENCE C. PINNEO, *Treasurer*, 72 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath to The American Seamen's Friend Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which in the formation of the will should be strictly observed.

1st. That the testator subscribe (or acknowledge the subscription of) the will in their presence. 2nd. That he, at the same time, declared to them that it was his last will and testament. 3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto, as witnesses.

